

Alchemist "Epsilon"

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I feel like this is just a means to an end.
Does it hold any meaning as I reach the end?
Lost to memory, final reality.
When I'm awake or asleep both are all but a dream.
Finality of this life is something certain for me.
Lost to memory, final reality.
Sifting fragments of time, drifting, falling away.
Sense of finality, fate is dawning on me.
What is the purpose of death, live, learn, die then
forget?
Feel I'm lying awake, only sleep when I'm dead.
Lost to memory, final reality.
Compressed memories.
I'm temporary, unable to contain.
Like Epsilon, my finality is pointing out the way.
What have I learned?
What will I forget?
Monumental rhythm of life is pounding out the beat of
the dead,
but might it all end, without a meaning?
Lost to memory, final reality.
Speed Of Life
Each day grows quicker as I breathe.
Or is it that every year seems to get shorter?
Racing at the speed of life.
So much to do, so little time.
I don't want to win this race.
Heading swiftly to my grave.
Epidermis showing signs of natural decay from living
my life.
No way to slow the hands of time.
Of this I am sure you live, then you die.
From infancy to my old age.
Another day of life.
Another turn of the page.
Racing at the speed of life.
So much to do, so little time.
Heading swiftly to my grave.
Is it only me, is it all in my head?
Rather a fight to ascend than an easy descent.
Do you ever get the feeling you're in some sort of race?
Each day has more to offer, there's just no time to play.

One minute I'm a child, the next I am a man.
And fate, it pushes my life, the fastest speed it can.

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